
Title: And Again I Fish

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In my long lifetime I have
mastered and forgotten
many a skill - in years
past I was once a
sorcerer, a scribe, an
alchemist. Then my
young
mind became an older
mind, soaked itself in gin.
I set out into the wilds,
learning tracking and
fishing, camping,
lumberjacking and archery.

I found that my skills
with bandages and an axe
suited themselves to the
life of a warrior, and I
picked up a shield, wore
heavy armor, and for
years I wandered the
lands on boat and foot
and by magic, striking
down foes with my axe,
parrying the blows of
others, discovering
exciting tactics and the
details of anatomy,
brought to life at the
point of a sword.

And yet I grew bored
with it, though my aim
remained true and my
sword arm strong, and I
distinguished myself with
my skills as a healer. I
was able to defend
myself and travel alone,
able to ride the wide
lands, but there were
still things I had not
done - spells I had not
mastered, fish I had not
caught, and I hung my
katana up above my
fireplace, and picked up a
fishing pole in Moonglow.

My trusty vessel, the
Codex Mathematica,
though she was small and
single-masted, my trusty
tillerman guided her out
of the Moonglow bay,
sinking crossbow bolts
into the pair of water
elementals that tried to
hem me in until they
began to back off, at
which point I unleashed
my not-so-practiced
magery upon them, reading
from scrolls as I strove
to maintain my focus.

As I have insinuated, I am
a man of many talents
who has mastered many
skills with an unnerving
ease, forgetting more
things than most men
learn in a lifetime, from
anatomy to the resistance
of spells.

Fishing, I imagined, would
be a breeze. I threw
the first bit of bait
and...

Waited. Oh I waited.
Me, a man who has sat
with a spellbook and
scribed piles of recall
scrolls for money. Me,
who has transcribed
libraries of forgotten
lore, Garrett Granth, the
man who sat in front of
an alchemists bench
grinding for days until me
fingers were stained with
blood pearls - Garrett
Granth, the man who
spent a year hacking
lumber until he had
mastered the skills
required to cleave a
single limb in a single
swipe!

I grew bored! I had
never found myself bored
before, never wound up
watching a single bit of
bait that did nothing for

hours upon end.

So I threw the bait back out, listening to the endless tales of the tillerman. "Did I tell ye the time I..." "Why did I you ever hear about the woman with the ferrett in Serpents Hold?" "Well one time I sailed..."

I was mere moments from stifling him with my bait, And slowly I gained some skill. I learned when to jerk the fish up to set the hook, I learned when to let the line plummet to catch different beasts, and one day when I had least expected it, I reached a mastery of the fishing form, pulling a tremendous sea serpent from the waves, pulling until the giant form broke the waves, the water gushing from each slab-like side. I reached for my trusty katana, and dashed forward to cut the beast across the chin as I had done so many times in the past.

I missed. I never missed! Then, I realized what all the fishing had done to my sword-arm, atrophying it to a state of disuse, my fine nerves and tendons losing the skills they had once contained. I was doomed! The beast crashed into the deck, firing magical projectiles. Then, I remembered how to shoot the crossbow.

Now I fish again, and it's a little more exciting these days.